For Your Arms Only

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For Your Arms Only

by slashyrogue

Summary

Nigel hadn’t even meant to go to the viewing.

He wasn’t one of those “special” fucking alphas who got first dibs on practically everything, not really, but he did have a lot of damn money and was pissed off about losing his omega. The breeding houses loved scorned alphas and omegas with money to burn, often sending invitations, and when his came he almost threw it away but decided ‘why not?’

Nigel has no idea what kind of omega he wants to take home.

He just wants one can use any fucking way he wants to, and when the literal blue eyed angel is in front of him he knows exactly which one he wants.

Nigel does not expect to care about his "pet" beyond how and where he's gonna fuck him.

But plans change.

ON HIATUS TILL COMPLETE

Chapter 1

Nigel hadn't even meant to go to the viewing.

He wasn't one of those "special" fucking alphas who got first dibs on practically everything, not really, but he did have a lot of damn money and was pissed off about losing his omega. The breeding houses loved scorned alphas and omegas with money to burn, often sending invitations, and when his came he almost threw it away but decided 'why not?'

They parade the merchandise into the hotel room like cattle, perfectly coiffed in fancy clothes to make them look more like the people that want to buy them rather than pretty bodies to fuck. He hates the way they take orders, some of them looking so scared he almost laughs, and when they pull in the last omega he's almost ready to leave when he hears someone whisper behind him.

"You better be on your best behavior, do you hear me?"

"Y…yes, ma'am."

The voice is terrified, yet it calls to him like a siren song, and when he turns to see the profile belonging to it he stops dead in his tracks.

A literal blue eyed angel.

"This," the woman parading them in says, "Is Adam. He's just turned twenty four, perfect breeding age, and he's very obedient. Aren't you, omega?"

Nigel sneers when Adam looks on the verge of tears, and he imagines telling him to do just about anything.

The little waif of a thing couldn't say no to him, not like Gabi, and he could do whatever he wanted.

No one could stop him.

"...and he's very well educated, though he takes medication to…curb his wandering mind."

Nigel scoffs. "You druggin' him up then?"

The woman looks at him sharply. "Some of our omegas struggle to control themselves, Mister Ibanescu, and our clientele want obedience so we give them that. If you think that's drugging, then perhaps Adam is right up your alley. You have plenty of that at hand, don't you?"

It's an insult, obviously, but Nigel laughs.

"That I do, lady," he says, "That I do."

Not one person in the room says a word as they take Adam away, and Nigel walks up to one of the people in charge.

"Yes, sir?" the man says, bowing his head.

"I want to see Adam," he says, "The last one."

He looks up sharply. "Adam? Yes, sir, I…I will arrange it. In your hotel room?"

Nigel doesn't have a room at this fancy hotel, but he can get one.

"I'll book one, if that's what I need to do."

"Yes, Sir."

"Then I'll go do that."

"We can arrange it, Sir," he says, "I will return."

Nigel smirks and walks off, heading to the balcony to have a cigarette and finds he's not alone. There are two others there, looking grim, and he wants to say something but doesn't.

No one needs to know his business.

He goes back inside and the woman who'd pulled Adam out for them all to see comes up to hand him a card.

"Room 103," she says, "He will be there waiting. You cannot penetrate him, or leave any marks that will scar, but everything else is…just fine."

Nigel's cock twitches. "Are you serious?"

"Absolutely."

"Is this his first…."

“No, Mister Ibanescu. Adam has…had many viewings but no one’s yet wanted to acquire him.”

Nigel takes the key. “I guess we’ll see.”

He walks off, smiling, and leaves heading a few doors down putting the card into the scanner before the door opens.

Pretty little Adam is sitting on the bed with tears in his eyes when Nigel comes inside looking down. He smells distressed now that they’re alone, though he can smell a blocker they doused him with to hide it earlier.

“Hello, Omega,” he says, “Don’t look up.”

Adam starts to shake as he gets closer, and he puts his hand on Adam’s cheek. His skin is so soft, silky, and he licks his lips as he stares at his pretty pink mouth.

“Are you frightened?”

He makes a sound, not quite a whimper but close enough but doesn’t answer.

“Speak.”

“N…no, Alpha,” he lies, his voice making Nigel’s body ache, “I…I want to…be good for you.”

Nigel lifts his chin up and glares down at him. “Don’t lie to me, Darling,” he says, “I fucking hate liars.”

A tear falls down Adam's cheek. "I…I'm very frightened, Alpha."

He feels his body react to the pain in Adam's voice, but he doesn't comfort him.

A bought whore is still a whore, even the scared ones, and if he likes this one enough he can keep him forever.

"We're gonna have some fun, you and I, but I promise I won't hurt you."

It's the truth, though he does know this poor little omega will definitely cry, and when Adam smiles he blinks in surprise.

"You promise?"

He swallows around the sudden dryness in his throat.

"Do they usually…hurt you, Adam?"

More tears fall as Adam nuzzles his hand, moving Nigel's hand up to his cheek, and his purr makes Nigel want to hold him closer.

No.

This was not how this was supposed to work.

"Y…yes," Adam says, his voice shaking, "They…they like hurting me but no one wants to… keep me."

Nigel steps back, hating his own reactions, and glares at him.

“What is it you’re doing wrong, Darling? Not obedient enough?”

Adam’s smile fades. “I….I always do as I’m told, Alpha. I…I want to be good, but they… they don’t like it when I talk too much or I…I don’t get wet enough. I…I get very scared and my body misbehaves and I…I…”

He bursts into tears, startling Nigel, and he can’t help it when he uses his alpha voice. It’s not something he uses on people he fucks often, hardly ever, but to see Adam crying so hysterically physically pains him.

“STOP CRYING!” he growls, his alphan voice making Adam freeze up, “No fucking crying, you hear me? No more tears.”

“Y…yes, Alpha,” Adam says, tears still drying on his face, “You…you don’t like it when I cry?”

“No,” Nigel lies, turning away, “Take off your clothes, Omega. Let me see you.”

He hears Adam move around, and opens his pants sitting down on the edge of the bed before he turns to look at him again.

And growls.

Adam looks even prettier naked, skin almost pink as Nigel watches him finish unveiling his body, and he’s not slicking because of his fear but Nigel’s pleasure at no longer smelling his distress is immense. He stands and comes closer to him, not letting Adam finish completely as he presses him down onto the bed.

“I…I’m not finished.”

“Don’t bother,” he mumbles, breathing him in, “You…you’re…very pretty, Adam. Have they told you that before?”

He frowns. “Y…yes.”

“How many have told you that? Ten? Twenty? Thirty?”

Adam lets out a long breath. “Fifty seven.”

Nigel growls and climbs off him, feeling angry, and sits on the edge of the bed.

“Get down on the floor.”

Adam does as he’s told, still half clothed, and sits on the floor looking up at Nigel who grips his hair tight. “Open your mouth, Adam,” he says, “I’m gonna fuck your mouth, and you’re gonna swallow me down. Got that?”

He nods, tears welling up in his eyes, and Nigel knows he told him not to cry but he doesn’t make any sound as one falls.

“And I’m gonna choke you,” he adds, wanting to scare him, “You might even think you’re suffocating, but I’m gonna choke you harder if you struggle. You got that?”

Adam nods and scoots forward opening his mouth with his tongue flat waiting for Nigel’s cock.

It’s beautiful, how perfectly submissive he’s being, and yet Nigel hates it.

Why does he hate it?

He gets angry, gripping Adam's hair as he frees his cock, and thrusts into his pretty little pink mouth as Adam chokes when he goes a little too hard. Nigel watches him struggle, trying to keep his tongue still, and when he adds his hand to Adam's neck he squeezes thrusting forward as the pleasure erupts.

"Fuck," he moans, "Fuck…look at you…pretty little whore."

Tears fall down Adam's face as his face gets red, and he doesn't push Nigel away, not even once. He finally lets go of his neck, and Adam coughs but keeps trying as Nigel thrusts harder and comes down his throat with a grunt spilling across his tongue. He chokes more, struggling to swallow, and some of his come drips down Adam's chin and it's filthy but fucking hot. He pulls back and grips his chin as Adam gasps for air but doesn't do more than let tears fall.

"CRY FOR ME."

His alpha voice is all Adam needs to start crying harder, whimpering as he struggles to keep eye contact, and when he's finished Nigel lets his chin go letting him collapse on the floor.

Nigel's chest hurts to watch him, and he's annoyed that it does, but he still looks fucking gorgeous crying like that.

"Look at me."

Adam looks up, still whimpering, and Nigel forces himself to smile.

"We're not done, Adam," he says, "Not at all done."

Adam should look frightened to hear that, and that's what Nigel expects.

But he doesn't.

He wipes his face, sitting up on his knees, and even though he's shaking Nigel can smell minimal distress.

"Did that hurt, Adam? Is that why you're crying?"

Adam shakes his head. "No, Alpha," he says, "I…I just didn't like how it…felt. I….I didn't like it but I'll get better. I know I can get better, if that's what you want."

Nigel frowns.

"I…"

He sits up straighter again, gripping Nigel's knees, and Nigel can see come still hanging from his chin as he smiles.

"You promised not to hurt me, Alpha," he says, "And…you haven't. Thank you, Alpha. Thank you."

Nigel blinks.

"You…you're welcome."

"What do you want from me now, Alpha? What do you need me to do?"

Nigel just stares at him.

He has no idea.

This was not what he planned.

Not at all.

Chapter 2

Nigel's throat feels dry as he watches Adam wipe his eyes, the tears still fresh, and he finally decides what he wants.

"Get on the bed, Adam."

Adam does what he's told, of course he fucking does, and he sits waiting for Nigel to instruct him. Nigel still doesn't smell Adam's slick but he no longer smells his distress.

"What do you want me to do, Alpha?" he asks, looking expectant, and Nigel licks his lips.

"Lay on your back and open your legs."

The words aren't said in any strange way, or even coldly but Adam's hesitation gives Nigel pause.

"Did you not fucking hear me, Omega?" he growls, "I said LIE ON YOUR BACK AND OPEN YOUR FUCKING LEGS!"

Adam's distressed scent returns as he lies back, visibly shaking, and Nigel has an immediate urge to comfort him that annoys him instantly.

"STOP SHAKING!"

He does, though his fear only rises, and Nigel moves between his legs breathing in deeply but smells nothing.

Adam isn't slick, or even a little excited.

Nigel leans in further, angry, and doesn't even say a word before he presses his tongue inside Adam's dry hole. Adam's surprise is immediate, his moan making Nigel's cock twitch, and it doesn't take long for trickling of slick to touch Nigel's tongue.

"Alpha…."

He shoves his face against Adam's hole, growling, and rubs his inner thighs as Adam starts to purr again. Nigel takes his hand, putting it to his hair, and Adam pulls, rocking against his face as he continues. His slick is sweet, better than Gabi's ever was, and Nigel's already hard again when Adam starts to whimper.

"I'm…I'm….Alpha…I….please stop I…."

Nigel doesn't stop, angry he'd even ask, and when Adam comes it's with a sob while Nigel licks up his slick like a starving dog. He lifts his head, licks his lips, and before he can say a word Adam runs.

He literally runs.

The shock makes Nigel hesitate a second before he uses his alpha voice, and Adam falls to his knees.

“STOP RUNNING!”

Adam curls up, sobbing, and Nigel gets up angrily to walk towards him. He grabs Adam’s hair hard and Adam cries out, tears streaming down his face as he screams.

“PLEASE DON’T HURT ME I’M SORRY! YOU SAID YOU WOULDN’T HURT ME! PLEASE! I WON’T DO IT AGAIN! I WON’T! PLEASE!”

He grabs Nigel’s leg, shaking so badly Nigel’s chest aches, and he can’t help but gently pull him off as he crouches down.

“I’m…I’m not gonna hurt you,” he whispers, putting both hands on Adam’s cheeks, “I promised I wouldn’t and I always keep my fucking promises. Yeah?”

Adam sniffles, his lip still quivering, and Nigel’s suddenly so damn angry at every alpha who’s ever been before him. He doesn’t want to be nice, that’s not what this was for, but the genuine fucking fear in Adam’s expression makes it hard to be anything else.

He pulls Adam in close, holding him, and Adam’s tense but quickly settles on lap still half off.

“They’ve never….they don’t want you to….orgasm?” he asks, knowing the answer already as Adam whimpers.

“N…no,” he says, his voice shaking, “I…they…I’m not…the others…didn’t like it.”

Nigel growls, and smells Adam’s fear instantly but pulls him up higher now half sitting in his lap.

“They hurt you.”

“Yes,” Adam whispers, “All the time.”

He sighs.

“You don’t….I don’t see any marks.”

“Marks fade,” Adam says, shaking again, “I…I have scars but you can’t see. You’re not…not supposed to see.”

Nigel holds him tighter.

“Where?”

He’s quiet.

“Adam….I won’t ask you again. Where are your scars?”

Adam sniffles, pulling back, and looks up at Nigel with tears still wet on his cheeks.

“My feet,” he says, “There…there was a man who…who liked feet. I’m not the only one he hurt.”

Nigel runs his hand down Adam’s leg, feeling him tense up again, but he doesn’t run away as Nigel turns him and lifts his foot.

Adam has scars on the soles of his feet, cuts that he knows had to fucking hurt.

“The fucking….how long ago did….”

He purrs, pressing his nose to Nigel’s neck, and Nigel again wants to comfort him.

So he does.

Adam reacts instantly as Nigel nuzzles his cheek, relaxing, and he breathes in the scent of his calm.

“I was thirteen.”

“What was his name? The fucking bastard who did this?”

“Randall.”

“What did those fuckers do then? Kick him out forever? Send him to some rich fuck island somewhere?”

Adam whimpers. “They…they made him pay money. He’s done it many times.”

Nigel growls.

“Those fucking assholes, I….” Nigel lifts Adam’s chin up then, and stares down at him, “Was he the one who made you scared to come?”

“N…no,” Adam says, “The other alphas they don’t….this isn’t for me, Alpha,” Adam says, shaking his head, “This isn’t….it’s for the alpha, not the omega. It’s….sexual release is involuntary for the omega and…”

Nigel sighs. “Darling, did the breeding house not teach you? Did they just throw you in with the fucking wolves and let them at you?”

Adam frowns. “I’ve been to school.”

“Sexual education?”

“Yes.”

“And they don’t mention orgasms there?”

Adam blushes. “They do.”

“So why do you think omegas shouldn’t come? Did they teach you that because they’re… yeah, some alpha’s…ok….I….I do like it when I can hurt you a little but your slick….I loved your slick, Darling. You’re so sweet down there,” he says, touching Adam’s cheek, “So fucking sweet. Never tasted anything like it.”

Adam purrs. “Really?”

Nigel smiles. “Yeah,” he sighs, “It’s not…maybe next time I’ll give you a taste. I think it’s drying now and dry spunk and slick isn’t good. You know? We should shower. You wanna shower?”

“Do *you* want to shower, Alpha?”

“Yes, Adam. I want to shower. Come on now.”

Nigel stands, aching suddenly, and leads Adam to the shower. It’s very mateish, he knows, this domestic shit, but he’s not about to leave the merchandise all dirtied up when he goes. The sudden thought of leaving Adam behind for another alpha to touch makes him growl, and Adam turns with wide eyes just as he steps into the shower door.

"Alpha? Are you angry? Did I do….”

“No, Adam, it’s…it’s nothing. Get inside.”

Adam does as he’s told, still looking at Nigel with trepidation, and Nigel can’t resist reaching over to get the shampoo to clean him up. It’s a mistake, being so close like this, but when Adam purrs he leans in to kiss his neck. Adam shivers, leaning back to feel Nigel, and he can’t help but think of Gabi again.

She never was like this, so trusting, and even when they were first together she never was so desperate for him. Adam is desperate to be taken care of, kept, and even if Nigel wanted to cut a million marks into him Nigel has a feeling he could teach him to enjoy it with little coaxing.

He finishes his hair, still touching all over, and when Adam gets hard Nigel doesn’t hesitate touch. His slick scent is strong enough Nigel can smell it even under the soap, and it’s fucking hot. His cock is already so hard it’s leaking, desperate to be inside, and Nigel knows he’s not supposed to but he wants to.

Oh he fucking wants to.

“Adam…”

“Alpha,” Adam purrs, wiggling against him, “Alpha, I….like this. I like this very much. Thank you.”

Nigel leans in and presses two fingers inside Adam’s hole, making him moan. He’s so wet it’s easy, a quick slide, and Nigel aches to be inside.

“Fuck,” he growls, “Fuck…you’re so….so fucking wet.”

“Alpha….”

“You want me inside you, Omega? Want me to fuck you?”

Adam purrs, his eyes wide. “We’re not supposed to,” he whispers, his cheeks flushed, “I… I’m not supposed to let you.”

Nigel presses Adam against the tiles, licking his neck, and Adam’s purrs get louder.

“Do you want me to fuck you, Adam? Do you?”

“Alpha, please….”

Nigel sucks on his neck, making him groan, and he bites knowing he’ll leave a mark. He didn’t plan on buying, not tonight, but it’s hard to stop himself when Adam is so eager in his arms. Nigel pulls back, pressing his lips to Adam’s ear.

“Yes, or no, Darling? Answer me.”

“I’ll…I’ll get in trouble,” Adam whimpers, “I…I’m not supposed to…”

Nigel angrily growls, thrusting into him without a thought, and Adam lets out a sob but still clutches back as he begins to fuck him hard. It’s perfect, his tight heat welcoming Nigel’s cock instantly, and Nigel reaches for his cock in return stroking as he moves. He puts his hands around Adam’s neck, squeezing.

Adam moans as he does, hands coming to rest on Nigel’s, and Nigel is almost proud when he doesn’t fight.

“Be good for me, Darling,” he whispers, “I’m just gonna…just….be good…”

He groans when Adam gasps for breath, squeezing harder, and his knot is so close already. Adam whimpers, shaking as Nigel keeps going, and when starts to couch Nigel comes with a growl locking them together as he lets go. Adam coughs, leaning against the tile, and Nigel keeps on fucking him while Adam starts to cry.

“I…I shouldn’t have…I….”

Nigel turns his cheek and presses their mouths together, shutting him up, and Adam’s surprise at the kiss makes him spill in Nigel’s hand. He shakes when he comes, nearly falling to his knees, and Nigel pulls back to touch his cheek.

“Perfect.”

A tear falls down his face.

“I….I liked that, Alpha,” he confesses, “I…I liked that.”

Nigel smiles.

“I know, Darling,” he says, “I could tell. You were such a good little whore for me, weren’t you? So wet for me.”

Adam purrs at the compliment as Nigel’s knot pulses between them. He turns so he’s against the wall, the water still coming, and it was a terrible place to first fuck his new pet he knows but damn if it doesn’t worth it.

“I…I’m gonna get in trouble,” Adam whispers, his voice shaking, “But…I’m glad it was you, Alpha.”

Nigel frowns. “Trouble?”

Tears fall down Adam’s cheeks as he looks back at him. “I’m spoiled now,” he says, “I…I can’t be bought anymore. I’m spoiled.”

Nigel shakes his head. “Adam….”

Adam smiles. “It’s ok, Alpha, I know you don’t want to take me home but it’s ok. I…”

“Adam, Darling, that’s not…”

“...I’m alright with being in the donation room. I am. I’m alright. I liked having sexual intercourse with you, and you didn’t hurt me too badly but…”

Nigel growls. “ADAM SHUT UP!”

Adam’s eyes widen as he does, and Nigel sighs.

“Darling, this isn’t….you’re coming home with me, Adam. You’re not being put in any fucking rooms, so just shut up you’re ruining the mood.”

He smells it when the words hit Adam, his face lighting up, and Nigel’s taken his voice but Adam purrs nuzzling Nigel’s cheeks as best he can, leaning back enough that Nigel feels again like they’re courting.

This isn’t a mating thing.

It’s not.

Adam is going to be his pet, his omega whenever he fucking pleases, and that’s that.

But still it makes him smile.

“There now, you’re done looking sad then? Can you shut the fuck up for a bit while I knot you?”

Adam’s got tears running down his face as he purrs, smiling so wide Nigel’s chest aches, and he kisses his cheek. “TALK TO ME.”

“T…thank you, Alpha,” Adam whispers, his voice shaking, “Thank you. I’ll…I’ll be very good for you, I promise. I…I’ll let you do anything you like, I…I like you very much. I…I’m very happy, Alpha. Thank you.”

Nigel says nothing, just holding him as the water falls on them both, and Adam’s content scent makes him a little sleepy but he knows he can’t pass out so he just rocks a bit into him a few times basking in Adam’s arousal.

The knot finally goes down after what feels like forever, and Nigel cleans them while Adam is uncharacteristically silent. He still purrs, leaning into Nigel’s touch the entire time, but he doesn’t ramble and he doesn’t say anything.

Nigel can tell he’s tired when they step out, and lifts him up without saying a word. Adam’s purrs get louder, and Nigel carries him to the bed before touching his head.

“Stay here, Omega. Just…you can rest, if you’d like. I’ve worn you out.”

“Mmm,” Adam sighs, “Ok, Alpha.”

Nigel has to fight not to kiss his cheek, turning away to go out into the main room to find his phone. He calls the number he’d first gotten an invite from and they answer immediately.

“Mr. Ibanescu,” the woman says, sounding bored, “I expected you to ask us to collect him sooner. I can have…”

He finds his cigarettes and puts on in his mouth, lighting up as he takes a drag.

“How much is he?”

The silence he gets in return makes Nigel smile.

“You…you want to *buy* Adam?”

“Did I fucking stutter? Why else would I be asking about money?”

She scoffs. “I…this is unexpected.”

Nigel frowns. “Why? I know he’s seen a lot.”

“Twelve is a lot, Mr. Ibanescu,” she says, “Even twenty. Adam’s numbers are the highest we’ve ever had in the house, and that’s saying something. He’s a handful, you know that, and he’s got medication that….”

“Yeah, I heard you the first time. Just tell me what it is and I’ll get it. How much?”

She’s quiet again.

“You’re serious.”

“Look, Bitch,” he growls, “I’m about to offer you ten fucking dollars for him if you don’t just tell me how much. HOW MUCH?”

“A million.”

“For the omega you’re literally arguing with me over? Try again.”

“Mister Ibanescu, I assure you that Adam might be a handful and a bit…troublesome…but he’s well bred and he’s very breedable. He has consistent heats, and he might be hard to train but he’s….”

“Hard to train?” Nigel laughed.

“We’ve been told that Adam is very reluctant to follow direction, and it can frustrate some potential buyers.”

Nigel growls. “The shit you evil fucks have let those monsters do to him, it’s….fine. A million. Just tell me where.”

She does, and Nigel pulls out his phone to send the money feeling a strange relief when he’s told the magic words.

“He’s all yours, Mr. Ibanescu. We’ll send his things over to your residence. I’d say it’s been a pleasure doing business with you but….”

“The feeling is mutual, Bitch,” Nigel growls, hanging up as he takes another drag.

He closes his eyes as he realizes what he’s done.

Adam is his.

“Mine.”

Nigel feels a weird tingle in his chest knowing that, smiling as he goes to take another drag but pauses at Adam’s sudden scent.

“Alpha?”

He opens his eyes and sees Adam in the bedroom doorway.

“I told you to sleep, Omega, didn’t I?”

“Yes, but…you were yelling.”

Adam’s lip quivers, and he doesn’t move.

“What’s wrong, Adam?”

“Did you change your mind? I…it’s ok, if you did, I…I’m fine if…”

Nigel growls, stalking across the hotel room, and reaches out to grab Adam’s chin hard.

“What did I say, Adam? Huh? What did I say?”

Tears fill Adam’s eyes. “You said….you were taking me home.”

“Yeah, that’s what I fucking said. I just bought you, and you’re mine so you need to stop thinking I…”

Adam hugs him then, his purr almost a sob, and he buries his face into Nigel’s neck.

“I’ll be good,” he whispers, “I…I’ll be so good, Alpha, so good. I…I’ll be so good.”

Nigel frowns, rubbing his back, and leads them back to the bed where he puts out his cigarette against a tissue box. It smokes, but he watches it till the smoke goes down and lays with Adam who all but crawls on top of him.

“You can sleep now, Darling. Take a rest.”

“You don’t want to have sex with me again?” Adam yawns, “I…I can….”

He sighs. “I’m worn out,” he mumbles, “Just go to fucking sleep and when I want to I will.”

Adam purrs in his ear, and Nigel can’t keep his eyes open.

“Mmmkay,” he says, “I…I’m very happy, Alpha. I…I’ve never been so…”

Nigel lays there, waiting for him to finish, but realizes Adam is asleep after far too long. He turns to look at him, so calm at rest, and touches his cheek.

His blue eyed angel.

All his.

No one else’s.

Nigel sighs.

“The things I’m gonna do to you,” he mumbles, smiling, “So…fuck, I can’t wait.”

Adam turns, moving closer, and Nigel rubs his back.

He feels oddly protective suddenly and knows fighting his instincts might be harder than usual but it’ll be worth it.

A no strings omega at his beck and fucking call sounds like heaven.

Nigel sighs.

“All fucking *mine*.”

Chapter 3

Nigel wakes up before Adam the next morning, rock hard and ready for his purchase to remedy that. He feels Adam, warm and comfortable on his chest, turning the omega to his side even as he whimpers.

He kisses his neck, sucking hard, and smells the gush of slick that comes from his pet immediately without much foreplay. How anyone wouldn't want this eager moaning angel in their possession is beyond him.

But he's oddly grateful they didn't.

"Alpha…"

Nigel doesn't say a word as he thrusts into Adam, the deep moan he gets in return only spurring him on as he moves. It's slow, steady, and Adam's enthusiastic whimpers only make Nigel that much more eager. He puts both hands around Adam's neck, squeezing, and Adam purrs in response.

"Don't come, Omega," he whispers, "If you come, I'll be upset. You hear me?"

Adam nods, shaking already, and Nigel squeezes just slightly more as he moves faster.

That bitch who says he couldn't follow instructions knows absolutely fucking nothing.

The perfect tightness of Adam's hole has him close quickly, grunting as he squeezes harder while Adam chokes. He knows he'll see red impressions on Adam's neck when he's done and growls, wanting to leave darker marks.

Adam gasps, struggling, and Nigel lets go turning to smash their mouths together as he comes his knot locking inside his pet as he can feel Adam tense up as he struggles not to go over the edge. Nigel pulls back, biting his lip, and whispers one word.

"Come."

He does, crying out, and Nigel sucks hard on his mating gland making Adam purr as his body shudders his release.

"T…Thank you….Alpha."

Nigel kisses his cheek. "Nigel," he says suddenly, not sure why, "Call me….Nigel."

"N…Nigel," Adam whispers, voice shaking like he's unsure he should, "Thank you, Nigel ."

It's strange how hearing his name makes the moment more but Nigel can't help but turn his cheek to praise him.

“Good boy.”

Adam has tears in his eyes. “You…you really think so?”

Nigel frowns. “Whoever said you weren’t was a fucking liar,” he growls, “You’re so good for me, Adam. Better than any other omega I’ve been with. You know that? So fucking good.”

A tear falls down his cheek. “That…that makes me very happy, Al…Nigel,” he corrects, “I… I want to be good.”

Nigel sighs. “Just keep being a good Omega, just for me, and I’ll be happy too. You want me to be happy, yeah?”

Adam nods. “Oh yes,” he says, “I….I’ve always wanted to be bought, and…I feel very….I like you, Nigel. I….I like being yours already.”

He bites back a reply, turning Adam’s cheek away, and kissing the back of his neck.

This isn’t a mating.

It won’t be one.

And he needs to stop being so fucking nice.

But his instincts are messing up everything.

Adam purrs, leaning back in his arms, and Nigel just breathes in his happy scent. It’s an anomaly, an omega so at peace in his arms, and so fucking strange. He’s been with plenty of them, but none have ever smelled like Adam does.

Not one.

He doesn’t want to think about what that might mean so he just lays there to take in what he’s payed for. It’s nice, calm, and his eyes get a little heavy again but it’s ruined when Adam speaks up.

“Al…Nigel?”

“Mmm?”

He can suddenly smell Adam’s distress, it’s light, but it’s there.

“I….I take medication,” he says, his voice shaking, “Did…did they tell you?”

Nigel frowns. “They told me.”

Adam is quiet.

“Why the hell are you bringing that up now , Adam?”

“I….I don’t want you to be angry with me because I haven’t had it, and when I don’t have it I talk a lot and it bothers a lot of people when I talk too much about things they don’t want to hear. I….I can’t….it’s very hard not to….”

Nigel waits for him to finish, annoyed already, and when he doesn’t turns Adam’s cheek to find him biting his lip so hard he’s bleeding.

“STOP BITING YOURSELF!”

Adam stops, whimpering, and Nigel touches his lip. “What the hell are you on? What is it?”

Tears fill Adam’s eyes.

“I….I don’t know,” he says, voice thick, “I…I just….swallow them.”

Nigel frowns.

“And if you don’t take them?”

Adam shakes his head. “I…I can’t, I….I don’t want you to be mad at me, Al…Nigel. I….please let me take them.”

He touches his cheek, wiping a sudden tear.

“When’s the last time you took one?”

“They…they wouldn’t let me before the…the….sh…ow…ing,” Adam says, sniffling, “I….I don’t….I….I don’t smell good when I take them and I….I don’t….”

Nigel growls. “What does it do, Adam?”

“Makes me stop,” he says, “I….I’m very good when I take them.”

Nigel blinks.

“Do you…how do you feel?”

“Fuzzy,” Adam whispers, “I….I feel….like I’m floating.”

He puts both hands on Adam’s cheeks.

“So you won’t be like this if you take them.”

“No, I…I’ll be good, Nigel. I…I won’t be scared, I…I’ll be good, I….”

Adam lets out a sob, and Nigel presses his nose to Adam’s cheek as he whimpers.

There’s no fucking away he’s putting Adam on anything.

No fucking way.

He doesn't say that, just lets him cry, and when his knot goes down Nigel practically carries him to the shower. It's again so mate-like, being so gentle, but he can't be anything else.

Not now.

Everything will be different when they get home.

Adam is pliant and calm when they shower, sticking close to Nigel, and he even reaches up to wash Nigel's hair making him smile at his determination.

"I can wash my own hair, Adam."

"You did mine," he says, smiling shyly, "I can do this, Nigel. I can."

So Nigel lets him.

He dries Adam off after, but lets him dress on his own, and knows he'll be buying all new clothes for him. The suit he has on doesn't even fit, not properly, and it's not hard to notice how much he dislikes it.

They checkout after, Nigel's arm around Adam's back, and he gives the key in happy to see the room was comped. His ferrari Roma is brought up from the valet and Nigel opens Adam's door, smiling at his wide eyed stare when he slips inside. He tips the valet and gets behind the wheel turning to see Adam already buckled.

"Alright, Omega?"

Adam nods. "Yes, I….I'm fine. It's a very pretty car, Nigel. I like the blue."

"Thank you, Adam," he says, feeling oddly proud, "Ready?"

"Oh yes."

They pull away fast, and Adam's gasp of surprise only makes Nigel's smile widen as they take off. He can smell his happy scent, even as he grabs Nigel's arm, and the ride to Nigel's house is more fun than the one here had been.

His gate is closed when he pulls up, pressing the code, and when the doors open Adam's purring gets so loud he's not sure he'll make it inside before he pulls him into his lap. Nigel parks, turning to Adam, and is surprised when Adam touches his face.

"Are you aroused, Nigel?" he asks, cheeks already a pretty pink, "I….I'm….I think I am."

Nigel breathes in and can already smell his slick. "You think you are, Adam? You're not sure?"

"I….I'm not….I'm still not used to….I don't want to make you mad."

"I won't be mad, unless you lie to me."

Adam's lip quivers. "I….I am," he says, "I….I'm getting wet already."

Nigel growls. "You want my knot here or inside? Can you wait?"

Adam nods. "I…I can wait."

Nigel smiles. "Maybe I'll fuck you on top of the car," he says, leaning in with his mouth close to Adam's, "Let all the neighbors hear you scream my name. Would you like that?"

"I….I don't know."

"Would you say no?"

"No, Al…Nigel," he says, "I…I wouldn't say no."

Nigel kisses him then, can't help himself, and Adam's purring returns at full volume while he grabs hold of his neck. He's being bold, pulling him closer, and Nigel loves his submission but the boldness is sexy as fuck suddenly.

"Adam…."

Adam's pupils are blown as he licks his lips. "Nigel, I…I want to go inside, please. I…I'm very…."

Nigel hisses, leaving the car, and runs to open Adam's door pulling him out fast. He pushes Adam against the car, kissing him again, and Adam whimpers holding onto him tight.

"Nigel, N…."

He lifts him with ease, practically carrying Adam up the short three stair walk to the door struggling to shove the key in but getting it open.

Nigel turns him against the open door, not bothering to close it, and shoves his pants down. He presses three fingers inside him, making Adam cry out, and scissors them while he sucks marks across the bruises on his neck left by his hands earlier.

"So eager for me," he whispers, "Aren't you, my sweet whore?"

Adam moans. "Yes, Nigel, yes I….I want….please?"

He forces himself to pull back, suddenly upset at how fuzzy his head feels, and yanks Adam down the ground. Adam frowns up at him, looking confused, and Nigel wastes no time saying a word as he opens his pants.

Adam licks his cock, happily purring again, and Nigel grabs hold of his hair pulling as he pushes him closer.

"Suck it," he says, "Go on, omega slut," he whispers, voice shaking, "Suck it."

He hates the way Adam's scent changes when he pushes him closer, taking Nigel's hardness in past his lips, but shoves his cock hard into his mouth practically choking him. His eyes fill with tears as Nigel fucks his mouth, pulling harder, and he's so close but pulls out upset.

"Al…Nigel? Did I do it wrong? Did….are you mad at me?"

Nigel shakes his head, pulling Adam gently up by his arm, and kicks the door closed after he fixes his pants. He walks them up the stairs, biting his own lip to keep from apologizing, and when they reach his bedroom he lets adam's arm free.

"G…get on the bed on your belly after you…" he says, "..t…take off your clothes."

Adam frowns, saying nothing, and Nigel hates it.

He hates it.

He watches Adam undress, entirely naked as he lays down.

Nigel's cock is barely hard as he undresses, feeling worse the more naked he gets, and when he lays down beside him he just stares at Adam not touching until Adam turns to look at him with tear filled eyes.

"You're…you don't smell….did I do something wrong, Alpha?"

He sighs, leaning in to kiss Adam's shoulder, and feels him shiver.

"N…no," he says, laying over him, "You…you're perfect. You…it's not you."

Adam sniffles.

"You…you can hurt me," he says, turning away, "I…I won't like it, but….if it makes you…if you need to, you can….hurt me more."

Nigel closes his eyes.

"Adam…."

"I like sex with you, Nigel," he says, whimpering, "And you…you said I was very good, but you…you didn't…you're confusing me and I don't understand what you need me to do. I…I want to be a good purchase, I want…I don't want you to regret buying me. I want…."

"Stop, Adam."

"....I can do better, I can! I…you can shove things inside me if you'd like that, or you can… hit me. You can hit me! I think I'd be ok if you hit me because I…."

"SHUT UP! JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

Adam is instantly quiet when Nigel uses his alpha voice, and he opens his eyes turning Adam to look at him. The fear in his face makes Nigel sick, and his scent is worse than ever. He

feels tears fill his eyes as he stares at him, and kisses his cheek.

“No, Darling, don’t….FUCK!”

He gets up off of him and leaves the bed, angrily knocking over the lamp, and leaves the room.

Nigel doesn’t bother to dress, hating himself, and heads downstairs just as the doorbell rings.

“Who the fuck….”

He goes up to the intercom.

“WHAT?”

“Mister…Ibanescu?” the man asks.

“Yeah, what do you fucking want?”

“I’m here from the breeding house,” he says, “I have Adam Raki’s possessions.”

For a second Nigel considers telling him to shove it.

He doesn’t want Adam to have any reminders of that place, those people, or his past. But he doesn’t.

The system is easy to buzz someone in, and he doesn’t even ask to be sure the man’s telling the truth. He just does.

Nigel stomps to the door, throwing it open, and doesn’t even give a shit he’s naked when he meets his guest.

The man is the same one who he spoke to last night, and doesn’t even show surprise when he gets out of what looks like a brand new minivan.

“Hello, sir,” he says, heading to the back to open the trunk, “I have Adam’s things just give me a moment.”

Nigel crosses his arms, angry just to see him, and doesn’t speak.

He watches the breeding house lackey lift out two boxes and set them on the driveway.

Two.

Adam spent his entire life in that place and he’s got two boxes to show for it.

Nigel growls when the man walks up, handing him a bag, and even a prescription.

“And this is Mr. Raki’s….”

Nigel turns over the paper and reads.

Omegazone.

They had him on fucking omegazone .

He grabs the man's tie, pulling hard, and feels a deep satisfaction at the fear in his eyes.

"You fucking monsters," he hisses, "Drugging him up like this. This shit is fucking illegal."

"Sir, I…I'm only doing my job."

"Omegazone is for omegas in the psych ward," he growls, tightening his hold, "You've had him be a fucking zombie for his entire life? Is that it? You…you fucking…."

He pushes hard, happy when the man falls to the floor.

"I didn't….he was very hard to…"

Nigel throws the pills to the ground.

"GET THAT SHIT OUT OF MY FACE! GET OUT OF HERE! DON'T YOU DARE COME BACK!"

The man rushes to pick up the fallen pills, tears in his eyes, and runs to the van shutting the trunk as Nigel watches him go. He doesn't move, or even go to pick up the boxes heading inside angrily slamming the door.

How fucking dare they .

He'd thought it had to be something bad, the way Adam spoke of it, but Omegazone? Nigel heads for the liquor cabinet, pulling out a bottle of whiskey, and drinks far too much before he sits on the couch.

His house feels like a tomb, it's so quiet, and he sits there for what feels like forever before he sets the bottle down.

And then remembers Adam.

Nigel hurries up the stairs, expecting to find Adam asleep, but freezes in his bedroom doorway to see Adam hasn't moved. Not even an inch.

"Adam."

He doesn't speak, can't Nigel realizes, and he whispers, "Speak," hoarsely as Adam turns to look at him.

"I'm sorry, Alpha," he says, "I….I'm sorry."

Nigel climbs onto the bed, laying at his side, and kisses his neck as Adam trembles in his arms.

"Don't apologize," he sighs, "It….it was me, Darling, it…fuck, don't apologize."

“Nigel….”

Nigel kisses his neck, then down his back, and is relieved when he hears Adam’s purring begin. He keeps going, peeling apart Adam’s cheeks to reveal his wet willing hole, and lapping at it like a starving man. Adam cries out, his happy scent making Nigel calm again, and he growls shoving his tongue in faster.

“Nigel, Nigel, Nigel….I….I want to….I want….please….”

He wants to drown in the scent of his slick, hard as hell already, and when Adam comes it’s with a scream shaking his release. Nigel moves up fast, shoving his cock inside, and Adam lets out a sob clutching back as Nigel kisses him softly. It’s slow then, almost too slow, but Nigel’s never had better.

Not in his whole life.

“I’m so sorry, Adam,” he whispers, “God, I’m sorry, I….fuck…you feel so good, baby. So good and wet for me.”

Adam purrs, reaching back to pull him in for another kiss he gladly gives, and when reaches for his cock to stroke him Adam groans.

Adam’s already dripping precum, his quick to fuck pet, and when he comes it’s with a sigh making Nigel’s knot lock instantly as he pulses spilling inside him.

He lays there, hugging Adam hard, and listens to his purring like it’s the best thing he’s ever heard.

“Nigel?”

“Hmm?”

“You didn’t choke me.”

Nigel kisses his neck. “No.”

“I…why?”

“I don’t know,” he whispers, putting his hands at Adam’s neck, “Did you miss it?”

“Mmm,” he sighs, “A little.”

Nigel smiles.

“Next time.”

They lay there, basking in the afterglow, and Nigel presses his nose to Adam’s neck.

“Nigel?”

“Yes?”

“Do you think my pills will come soon?”

Nigel kisses his cheek.

“We’ll see how you are without them, yeah?”

Adam tenses up immediately.

“I….I don’t know if that’s a good idea,” he says, his voice shaking, “You might get mad.”

Nigel turns his cheek, and takes in Adam’s fearful gaze.

“So what if I get mad, Adam? You’re mine now, right? I can do whatever I want.”

Adam’s fear lessens, just slightly, and Nigel runs fingers along his nape listening to his quiet purr.

“I…yes, I’m yours, Nigel.”

“Then you’ll do what I ask, and you’ll like it. Yeah?”

“I….”

“SMILE FOR ME, DARLING.”

Adam smiles, the forced alpha voice making it look unnatural, but Nigel caresses his cheek as he smiles back.

“Good boy,” he says, “YOU CAN STOP SMILING NOW.”

His smile fades and a tear falls down Adam’s cheek.

“I’m happy to be yours, Nigel,” he says, his voice thick, “I….I’m very happy.”

“Good.”

Nigel kisses his cheek again, and turns Adam to his side listening as he purrs while they wait for his knot to go down. He hears rain start outside, and knows it’ll ruin Adam’s boxes.

But Nigel doesn’t give a shit.

Adam is his now.

He doesn’t need any reminders of anything else.

Chapter 4

Nigel expects the next few days to breeze by, content to fuck his new pet and keep his instincts at bay.

But it doesn't work out that way.

Darko calls him the very next morning to say the shipment came in early and it's "messy" meaning they're obviously missing shit so he has to work it out. He's reluctant to leave Adam alone, but the thought of bringing him along seems worse.

"I'll be back in a few days," he tells Adam, packing light, "I have a work mess."

Adam's scent is drenched in distress as Nigel tells him everything: numbers for emergencies, handing him a credit card for groceries, and by the time they finish breakfast he's in tears.

"Al…Nigel, can I….I'll be good," he says finally, as Nigel tosses the bowls in the dishwasher, making him pause not looking, "I…I can be good and come with you. I….I won't talk too much and….I….I can come. I promise I…."

Nigel holds onto the sink, closing his eyes, and lets out a long breath.

"No, Adam."

"But…."

"NO!" he yells, growling as Adam's eyes widen, "You're not fucking coming, alright? You're gonna stay here, sit around on your ass, and just….stay here."

He watches tears fall down Adam's face.

"Are you mad at me, Nigel?"

Nigel sighs. "No, Darling, no, it's….it's complicated, yeah? I have shit to do, and you'll just get in the way."

He watches Adam flinch, looking down, and resists the urge to comfort him when he goes quiet.

"It'll be a break, eh?" he says, forcing himself to laugh, "Your ass won't be fucked so much and your mouth'll….you'll get to sit around and just enjoy the house."

Adam folds his hands on the table, his scent getting worse, and Nigel can't help himself when he walks over to comfort him but Adam avoids his touch.

"I…I'm tired," he says, "I…I'm going to start my…my break now."

Nigel aches as he watches him go, hating himself for it, and says nothing grabbing his bag off the chair not even bothering to follow. He leaves, hopping in the Ferrari, and hopes Adam cools off by tonight. He has a long drive, and the cell phone he left is on.

He's sure Adam will answer.

Adam does not answer.

Nigel's already on edge by nightfall, their shipment missing nearly twenty five percent of what was expected, and he's been on the phone already all day swearing at their suppliers so his throat is hoarse but he needs to hear Adam's voice.

He calls him twelve times, not even getting voicemail because he never set the fucking system up, and ends up snorting way too much coke but the high is better than the worry.

This goes on for almost thirty hours before he finally breaks.

"I have to….I have to go," he tells Darko, tapping his foot on the ground as he tries to smoke, "I can't….I gotta leave."

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Nigel growls. "I….I got….he might be sick, or…fuck maybe he really needed those…..FUCK!"

"Nigel, what the FUCK IS GOING ON? You've been a basket case since you got here are you….fuck is it Gabi?"

Nigel scoffs, tossing his cigarette to the ground.

"Fucking….why the FUCK would it be Gabi, huh? She's…it's been ten months, Darko. I… she's mated, I haven't even thought about her since…."

Since the last time he'd been with Adam.

"Then what is it?"

Nigel sighs, running a hand over his face. "I…I got a….I got one from the breeding house."

Darko laughs. "Are you fucking serious, Nigel? An omega whore? You…."

Nigel grabs Darko's shirt hard, pulling him in close, and growls so loudly he's sure it can be heard all across the warehouse. "DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE CALL HIM THAT!"

Darko pales. "Nigel…."

He lets go, pushing Darko back, and shakes his head. "I can't stay here, I….just fix it. I….I can't…."

"NIGEL YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE!"

“WATCH ME!”

Nigel is boiling hot by the time he gets in his car, growling incoherently, and as he drives back towards him his worry turns to anger.

What if Adam did this on purpose?

What if he’s just manipulating him to get Nigel to mate him?

Omegas did shit like this all the time, didn’t they? Gabi always loved to use Nigel’s love for her against him. Adam was an omega, just like the rest of them, and it wouldn’t be the first time he was fucked over by another slick whore.

He’s growling as he finally gets home, close to dawn already, and his vision is fuzzy as he heads for the door. It takes almost four tries before he can get the damn thing open, and when he does Nigel is thrown by a scent he doesn’t expect.

Heat.

Nigel tears at his clothes, nearly naked as he follows Adam’s scent, and ends up finding him in the shower.

There’s no steam, the water obviously not warm, but he can hear Adam sobbing as he throws open the door.

Adam shrieks when he sees Nigel and tries to run out the other door, but Nigel grabs his arm so hard he’s sure he’s broken it. He pushes him against the wall as Adam whimpers, and presses his face against his neck.

“I…I’m….I’m sor…r…y…..” he sobs, shaking, “I….I tried to…stop….I….it hurts and….I….”

Nigel barely hears him, freeing his cock, and thrusts into Adam without a word. He feels sweat come down his face as he starts to move, and Adam purrs leaning back as Nigel can hardly think about anything but this.

Only this.

The cold water isn’t even a problem, the cool wetness making Nigel feel more at ease, and Adam’s soon incoherent only pulling him closer as Nigel takes what he’s giving.

This is his, and only his.

No one else’s.

His knot locks as Nigel is biting into Adam’s neck, nearly breaking the skin as Adam comes in his palm, and he feels calm settle over them both as he leans in to press his face to Adam’s curls.

And wakes up what feels like days later in his bed.

Nigel blinks, confused, and smells come and slick in the air as Adam purrs sleeping soundly beside him. He gets up, groaning, and reaches for his phone.

And finds out it's been four days.

"FUCK!"

Adam gets startled awake, sitting up fast, and Nigel glares at him while he calls back one of his forty four missed calls.

"WHERE THE FUCK HAVE YOU…."

Nigel gets out of bed, not even looking back at Adam, and ends up calming Darko down when he confesses what happened.

"You went into a rut?" Darko laughs, "What are you twelve?"

"Shut the fuck up."

"This is fucking hilarious. Wait till I…."

"Don't you fucking dare," Nigel growls, pacing in the hall, "Just…tell me everything is square."

"It's fine," Darko sighs, "I…I got the goods, but we had to pay."

"WHAT? After…."

"It was that or not be able to send out what's been paid for already. What did you expect me to do?"

Nigel sighs. "It's….yeah, I…I get it."

"Shove some pills down your new pet's throat, yeah? Keep that heat….wait….do you think you knocked him up?"

He blinks.

Shit.

"I…I don't know."

"Well," Darko says, "You'd better figure it out. Kids are just liabilities, Nigel, you know that."

"I know, Darko, I'm not…."

"And if you're not gonna mate him, then you'll be carting around some kinda wh…pet babies and who needs that?"

Nigel's lip curls.

“I’ll take care of it,” he snaps, “Just….I’ll call you.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Darko says, “Just…don’t be so damn reckless again, Nigel.”

“You tryin’ to tell me what to do, Darko? Who runs this business, huh? You or me?”

“Apparently me. Or I have the last four days.”

“Oh fuck off! You….”

Nigel pauses when he sees Adam peering out of the bedroom, his scent filled with distress, and turns away.

“Just fuck off,” he growls, “I’ll handle it.”

“Ni—”

He ends the call, sighing deeply, and can still smell Adam but doesn’t turn.

“Go take a shower, Adam.”

Adam whimpers. “Are you…I’m sorry, Nigel.”

“I know,” he says, coldly, “But you really fucked me over, you know? You…you should’ve told me you were close to your heat.”

“I didn’t….I WASN’T!” he yells, making Nigel turn to glare, “I…I wasn’t, I….I had my heat only fifteen days ago, I….I wasn’t close. I promise I…”

Tears fall down his cheeks as Nigel glares, and he wants to comfort him.

But he doesn’t.

“Then maybe you’re fucking broken,” he growls, “Maybe I got a bad deal.”

It’s a shit thing to say, and he knows it, which makes Adam suddenly crying out as he runs off that much worse. Nigel hates the tears in his eyes, hates how much he wants to run after him, and even worse hates how the idea that Adam might be knocked up doesn’t piss him off because he doesn’t want kids.

He just….doesn’t want Adam to be in danger.

Nigel stands there, breathing heavy through his nose, and finally gives into his instincts heading for the bathroom. He hears Adam sobbing as he walks inside, and then stop when he obviously smells Nigel’s scent.

The door opening makes Adam whimper, and the cold water he ignores turning it up as he reaches the shampoo. He aches when Adam flinches the minute he touches his hair, running his fingers through, and calm takes longer than it should be Adam starts to purr especially

when Nigel presses closer to him. Nigel washes the shampoo away, and then adds conditioner while Adam leans back sniffling.

“I’m sorry,” Adam whispers, his voice shaking, “I….I didn’t….I didn’t want to bother you at…at work,” he explains, “I….I didn’t….I didn’t want to…make you…you…you….”

“Shh,” Nigel whispers, “Just…don’t talk.”

He reaches down to stroke his pretty little cock, making Adam cry out, and kisses his neck as he presses his cock against Adam’s ass.

“I….I know you….you didn’t….I was just upset.”

Adam moans. “Nigel….please….”

Nigel wraps his hand around Adam’s neck, squeezing, and smiles as he comes gasping for breath. He kisses his cheek. “Good boy.”

“Alpha….”

He sinks into him slowly, taking his time, and Adam turns against the tile wall thrusting back quickly. Nigel wraps his other arm around his neck, still messy with Adam’s come, and squeezes as he moves faster the tight heat of him making Nigel growl.

“Fuck, I love your wet little hole,” he whispers, biting his ear, “I love your….tight little…”

Adam’s purring gets louder and Nigel squeezes harder groaning when Adam’s hole tightens around his cock as he comes a second time. He bites down on his ear, making Adam whimper, and comes with a grunt knot locking.

“Shit,” he breathes, “That was….love fucking you, Darling.”

“Mmm,” Adam says, “I….I love it too, Nigel. I…I didn’t think I’d ever….love it but…you…you make it…I love it.”

He smiles, kissing his neck.

They’re both quiet as the knot keeps them locked, and he wraps his arms around Adam while the purring makes all his anger fade away.

“Darling, we….we need to talk about the heat.”

Adam’s purring stops abruptly. “I…I already apologized.”

Nigel turns his cheek, and kisses him softly. “I know, Darling, but…I fucked you without a condom on a heat. You know what that might mean.”

Adam pales. “I….I didn’t….I….”

“I know you didn’t mean it, Adam, I….I know. But…I don’t want kids. I don’t need kids, and I don’t…I don’t want ‘em.”

Adam puts a hand on his belly as tears fill his eyes.

“You’re….you’ll make me….give it away?”

Nigel sighs. “Adam….”

Tears fall down his cheeks. “I….I’ll….I’ll take care of it, Nigel, I….I didn’t want children either but…I…I can take care of the baby you don’t….please don’t make me.”

His chest aches as he grabs Adam’s chin.

“This isn’t a mating,” he repeats, “We’re not gonna live fucking happily ever after, yeah? You…I told you that!”

Adam whimpers. “I….yes.”

“So you’re gonna listen to me, and you’re gonna do as I say. Alright?”

He nods. “Ok.”

“So we’ll….we’ll give it a week or two, and then…take a test.”

Adam nods, tears still falling, and his distressed scent makes Nigel sick.

“And….we’ll take care of it.”

“Y…yes, Alpha.”

Nigel lets go of Adam’s chin, and Adam turns to press his face against the tile. He doesn’t purr, or even whimper. He’s completely silent as the warm water falls over them, and the long wait for Nigel’s knot to loosen feels like torture. The minute he pulls out Adam steps away from him, and Nigel grabs his arm turning so he can clean them both. It’s silence still, all the way through, and when he leads Adam out of the bathroom it’s worse than anything.

His trust is gone, any bit of happiness Adam feels around him is nonexistent, and Nigel doesn’t try to comfort him. He gets dressed and leaves Adam alone going downstairs. He feels sick, like he might vomit, and finds some coke to snort hoping it takes away the ache.

It doesn’t.

Nigel steps outside, the air doing jackshit for him, and sits on the deck staring at his thirty-thousand-dollar pool.

And just stares.

This shit with Adam had to stop.

It just had to.

He couldn’t keep going like this.

Maybe…he really had gotten a bad deal.

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